

# INTERIOR JOURNAL.

VOLUME II—NUMBER 13.

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.  
A PUBLISHED IN  
STANFORD, KENTUCKY,  
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

OFFICE—MOUTH SIDE MAIN STREET; (UP STAIRS).  
BILTON & CAMPBELL, Proprietors.

TELEGRAMS—Two Distant Lines to Advertise.

SERGEANT HOFF!  
AN EPISODE OF THE SIEGE  
OF PARIS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY  
PROF. JOHN F. TARRANT.

CONTINUED.

He had assumed the name of Wolf, and said that he was a native of Colmar, an imprudence calculated to kill most people with dread. He offered himself to the prison authorities as a cook, and as he spoke German well, the Prussians accepted his proposition. One of his old comrades who had always accompanied him in his expeditions around Paris, by name Huguet, was his assistant, distributed the soup, cut the meat, and in the performance of these duties, enabled Hoff to shut all communication with the other prisoners. This lasted nearly a month.

Every morning, the German non-commissioned officers came in to partake of a warm soup before the French soldiers received their very ordinary quality. Outside of this they gave themselves no concern about the cook or his assistant, but Hoff in a little while perceived that he was watched, and a brave Hanoverian put him on his guard. Doubtless some impudent expression that had fallen from his lips in the barracks had awakened suspicion, and besides that the Prussians having read the accounts of a pretended spy in our papers would be hunting him everywhere. One day while he was in his kitchen, seemingly gazing intently at his fire, and altogether occupied in his business, some one in the door cried out, "Sergeant Hoff!" He pretended not to hear and did not budge. "Sergeant Hoff!" was repeated. It was a German officer who had recourse to this stratagem to make him discover himself. A little disconcerted at first, the officer approached him and tapping him lightly on the shoulder, said: "You are Sergeant Hoff?" "If. You are mistaken," replied the old soldier quickly, and turning around with an astonished air, "my name is Wolf; and I am from Colmar"—and forthwith began to relate the history of his life. The German shrugged his shoulders, gave a mischievous smile and without another word caused Hoff to be carried to the dungeon.

The question is, why should there be so much severity in his case and how could be explained this spirit of retaliation upon a vanquished foe? According to the statements of other prisoners who were confined in the different camps of Germany, and who probably read themselves the proclamation, a reward of several thousand thalers had been offered for his head. He was accused of making war in an illegal manner, not like a soldier, but like an assassin. If such be the fact, what ought we to think of those Bavarians, who, in the morning of the affair at Villiers, raised the white flag as if they wished to surrender, and when our men approached them, entirely decimated them with grape shot? What ought we to think of those who, at the base of the plateau of Avron, arranged in two opposing lines the better to deceive our Medes, fired point blank at each other and engaged an engagement between Prussians and French? When they saw their opportunity they turned and all fled in our direction. These are after all allowable rules and will not be indignant about them. Whenever war is allowed, it must be allowed in all its horrors, and as the result of a bitter hatred and a desire to kill. For a time our enemies were reasonable, but afterwards they had the bad grace, while pretending not to be culpable themselves, to demand of us that generosity and magnanimity of action which they never practiced. However, Hoff passed three entire days in the citadel of Cologne, immured in a cell six by four feet, fed upon bread and water, without even being allowed a change of linen. He was persistently interrogated, but he was obstinate in giving no account of himself. Then it was a letter came for him to the Grimpert Camp. He himself had, about the first of December, written a brief letter to his parents, at the close of which he merely said, "J'ai charge," and signed it Hoff. Madras like all true sons understood his meaning and resolved by addressing the name signed. Thus the Prussians were thrown off the track. Yet they caused him to appear before a council of war and even interrogated his companions at different times, but all were unanimous in declaring that his name was Wolf, and that he was from Colmar. There was no other course but to release him and he returned to the barracks.

Time was passing—the armistice was concluded—the war was ended and the

prisoners were about to return to France, having nothing more to fear herself. Hoff held with a keen pleasure the little red ribbon attached to his cap. The German officers merely glanced down the line of returning prisoners and passed on. The camp of the North was already evacuated. Hoff again saw his young brother, who, a chasseur a pied in the army of Metz, was returning from Konigseberg where he had been quartered. From him he learned that their old father was still alive, but that another brother, also of the army of Metz, had fallen at Gravelotte. The first trouble at Paris, the proclamation of *The Commune*, the species pretext under which the Prussians stopped all at once the return of our prisoners, all this transpired in one month. When at last the order of departure did come, Hoff sought his place in the first convoy, but in what a humiliating condition he found France! Civil war had broken loose upon the heels of foreign war. Around Cambria, where the train stopped, General Clinchaupt speedily formed a corps d'armes of the returning prisoners, with the intention of marching on Paris. The new comers were enrolled in provisional regiments. Three days afterwards they set out for Versailles.

Simple and rude natures are sometimes endowed with an exquisite sensibility and a delicacy of heart, for which we may seek in vain among men of the higher walks of society. At sight of the calamities of his country, poor Hoff was seized with despair. Life was now nothing to him, since his country seemed lost, since his zeal for her had proved useless, and since now he could no longer fight the Prussians. At length he was in front of Issy. He had resolved to die, but no opportunity presented itself. On the top of the fort and ramparts the Confederates were making more noise than they were effecting good, and were wasting their powder. In Paris, however, the contest became more serious. Every position, every corner of the street was defended foot by foot, and the insurgents, seeing themselves lost, resented it in despair. In the Rue Léopold, near St. Lazare depot, Hoff boldly advanced forward to attack a barricade. Alone he moved in front, fully exposed to the view of the enemy, encouraging his men and seeking death. He did not find it, but he received a bullet—a French bullet—which broke his left arm. The wound was severe. He was first carried to the Beaujon hospital, and afterwards carried thence, with other wounded, to Arras, where he passed more than a month as a convalescent.

When he returned, scarcely recovered, and with his arm still in a sling, he hurried to the offices of the different newspapers who had disseminated the calumny of which we have already spoken. A few well-known persons accompanied him, besides these, his wound itself spoke volumes for him. He was received by the different publishers with the greatest courtesy; they avowed no evil intention; they cast all the blame upon reporters hard up for something to write, upon the disposition of the public mind to imagine spies everywhere, one of the epidemics of the siege. They promised him the most unanimous reparation, and that very day, in the evening papers appeared several articles which rendered ample justice to the courage and honor of the brave Sergeant. He, naturally of a forgiving disposition, was satisfied. Unfortunately, at this time, all minds were distracted by the terrible events of which France had just been the theatre. Paris was almost deserted. Many who, while in the city, had read of the treacherous conduct of Hoff, now that they were out in the provinces, knew nothing of the proofs denying the calumny.—Wherever these proofs were not known, he ceased to be an object of admiration. We do not much like to recognize superiority which vexes us, and, in order to have the right of ingratitude, we often deny the services rendered. For a long time people would not be undeceived. How often, when in company with the Sergeant, and when, by chance, I would mention his name, could we some one turn with a contemptuous look and hear him say, "Ah! the spy!"

Clothes by his side, in the midst of the happy family group, nestled Decora Elizabeth Stubbins, the partner of all his sorrows and the cause of all his woes for half a century, with her German silver spectacles on her dismal pug nose and two weeks' rheumatism in her left hip. She wore a new frilled cap and a pair of number ten brogans with hob-nails. Her face also beamed with goodness, and the pleasing rotundity of her stomach, welling forward like the plethoric sides of an emigrant's valise, was delightful to behold.

We cannot describe in detail the sons and daughters of this interesting couple, come to take a whisky strait and mutton in a corn-dogger, under the paternal roof-tree. Cornelius Nepo Pompeius Stubbins, the first-born, the Reubin of the family was there. He took "sugar in his," and when he blotted his fingers it looked like a tin dinner-lorn.

Nor can we refrain from naming the charming wife of Julius Cato Stubbins, who toed in as she walked, like a setting sun going to water, and had large square, white teeth, so that when she opened her mouth to laugh it looked like a lion-creased hand trunk filled with diminutive tombstones. She wore a check apron.

George Washington Stubbins, the lucky seventh son, wore a green bow-tie shade over his left optic, and had his boots foxed. His lovely wife appeared in a pair of brass ear-rings, with frilled pantaloons of best quality of brown cotton.

The antics of the multitudes of the young Stubbins' bulldog description. Before the dog and barking upon the fence board, Timothy Titelton Stubbins split his new trousers from belt to point, and was carried to the rear in signal disgrace. He was roaching frantically for a slice of cold turnip on the top shelf of the kitchen safe, the stitches could not stand, and hence the catastrophe. Titus Sempronius Stubbins, very promising lad with a bristling red head and a freckled face, hopped into the skillet in the kitchen, ate two pounds of six-inch dodger, and having had the temerity to wash it down with water, was laid upon

the seamstress.

DEPPEN'S  
CLOTHING HOUSE,  
Corner Fourth and Market Streets, LOUISVILLE, KY.

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT on Ground Floor.  
FURNISHING GOODS DEPARTMENT on Ground Floor.  
CUSTOM DEPARTMENT on First Floor.

Four Cutters in the Custom Department.  
Special Attention Paid to Orders from the Country.

FROM WAYNE COUNTY.

*Correspondence Interior Journal.*

*What Our "Boy" Correspondent Thinks  
of the "Maine Liquor Law."*

The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal woes. The Bishop came and sojourned with us a week. We had exciting times. The preacher taught us to be humble and submit without murmuring to the powers that be—but there is an inner consciousness that all is not right—we feel that there is something lacking to make up the sum of our present temporal

# THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

FRIDAY, JUNE 1, 1873.

**DEMOCRATIC TICKET.**  
FOR STATE TREASURER,  
**J. W. TATE,**  
OF FRANKLIN.

## DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

In the last issue of this paper, there were published calls by the Chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee of the 1st Senatorial District, and the Chairman of the executive Committee of the county, requesting the Democracy of the county to assemble in precinct conventions, for the purpose of taking initiatory steps to hold general Conventions to nominate a candidate of the party for the office of State Senator, and also to nominate a candidate for the House of Representatives. We trust that these calls, by the constituted authorities of the party, will not be overlooked; that in fact they will be responded to promptly and with earnestness. The Interior Journal is a Democratic paper, and is voluntarily pledged to the support of the party, not only in reference to its cardinal principles, but in those needful measures of organization, without which the party is powerless. It can, therefore, have no purpose to advance the interest of my particular aspirant, by earnestly commanding to the Democracy the importance of attending these Conventions, and giving whatever weight of influence it is possible to give, to our ancient and worthy custom of deciding for ourselves, who shall be our chosen representative in any contest for political office. If we have at heart the interest of our party, we cannot, consistently with that feeling of interest, fail to do so. It is a needless measure. We can indulge no rational expectation of success without these stated convocations, when the exigencies of the times demand them. That some will be found, who have chronic objections to conventions, is not to be gainsaid. But who are they? Are they Democrats in "spirit and in truth"? Under the guise of democracy, they are continuously engaged in a warfare, directed at its most vital point. It doesn't require any long process of reasoning to ascertain, that, if a number of Democratic candidates are in the field on the day of the election, the opposite party will elect their candidate to a dead moral certainty! This is what they want. This is their only reason for opposing conventions. Now shall we be made the dupes of such shallow artifice, as is used to create a prejudice against a system which is our only hope and salvation? Every democrat concedes the necessity of Conventions in Presidential, Gubernatorial and Congressional races. Shall any one permit himself to be duped as to the same necessity in Senatorial and county races? The same reasons apply in the one case no less forcibly than in the other. But it is very probable that the Democracy need no persuasion on this point. Every Democrat agrees with every other on the bare question of expediency; but too many are disposed to stay at home on the day of the Convention, consoling and excusing themselves with the belief that their neighbors are, or will be, in attendance, and the failure of just one Democrat to attend will not amount to much. This inertia, this laziness, this disposition to shift on to others the burden of doing what we are under an equal obligation to do ourselves, is where the danger lies. This brings about party dissensions, culminating in ignominious defeat. We might well take a lesson of instruction from the well disciplined organization of the Republican party. Who has ever yet heard of its failure to put forth, by Convention, its accredited representative, in any county or Senatorial or other contest, in any section of the country, where the numerical strength of the party was sufficient to give weight to its pretensions? All through central Kentucky, the Republicans have, for the past few weeks, been engaged in holding Conventions for the sole purpose of nominating candidates for each branch of the next Legislature. We respect them for their energy, their perseverance and firm resolve to increase their strength in Kentucky. And if we do not look better to our domestic concerns, we will have the melancholy pleasure of testifying to the complete success of their vigilance and industry.

In reference to Mr. Varian and Col. Bowman, who are aspirants for the Senatorial nomination; or to Mr. Bobbitt or Dr. Montgomery who aspire to the nomination for the lower branch of the Legislature, it is not our purpose, in these columns at this time, to say a word that could be construed into a preference. Individually we have our choice, and will attend the primary Convention to express it. They are all, however, before the Democracy of the district, and county for its approval or disapproval. We have heard that Mr. Bobbitt would not

abide the action of the Convention, but shall withhold giving credence to the report until he shall so announce himself. We cannot be persuaded by mere rumor, that he will go back on his life long record by an act so unworthy his history. It is proper to say, in this connection, that this rumor was not communicated to us by Dr. Montgomery.

To cut this whole matter short, let us repeat our earnest commendation to every Democrat to attend the precinct Conventions on next Saturday, at the usual voting places, and contributing the full measure of his influence toward the organization, harmony and success of the party.

LATER.

Since the foregoing was written, we have received a communication from Mr. Bobbitt, saying, in unequivocal terms, that he will not abide the action of the party in reference to the Convention. He will not permit his name to appear before it. This speaks volumes in favor of Mr. Bobbitt's democracy, of which he boasts so much.

## INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS.

The memorial of the Atlanta Convention of Governors to Congress, presents questions for public consideration, which are not equalled in importance by any now under advisement, looking to the promotion of the material welfare of the West and South. Indeed, the momentous interests which are common to every section of the country, demand for the scheme—by which it is proposed to open lines of water communication between the Atlantic seaboard and the great basin of the Mississippi—an earnest and an attentive consideration by the body to which the memorial is addressed. In order to illustrate the necessity of a cheaper line of transportation for the West and South than that which is afforded by the various railways, it is shown by statistical reports, that in the four States of Georgia, Florida, South Carolina and Alabama there is an annual deficiency of 50,000,000 bushels of grain which must be supplied by the West. This deficiency arises from the decrease of available farm labor, and the continued multiplication of a consuming, non-producing population. This being statistically true, with no rational prospect for an amelioration, it is manifest that no question can interest the South more materially than that of cheap transportation. The deficiency arises from the decrease of available farm labor, and the continued multiplication of a consuming, non-producing population. This being statistically true, with no rational prospect for an amelioration, it is manifest that no question can interest the South more materially than that of cheap transportation.

A few feet from the front of the steps was a pool of blood, and four or five paces further, near the gate, was another, indicating where the fiends had rested in their hellish labor of dragging off the body. An ax, with the imprint of their bloody hands, sat against a gate-post in the yard, blood and hair on the pole, was evidently the instrument with which the murderer was committed. There were three wounds on the head, each fracturing the bone. The three pools of blood mark the spots at which the blows were struck, the last being next the gate; and the ax set against the post instead of being cast aside, exhibiting the natural method of a workman.

Except hat and one slipper, the body was in full dress. The slipper had dropped from the right foot just inside the orchard, and the position of the body showed it had been dragged by the left leg.

Dr. Alfred is supposed to have had between four and five hundred dollars on his person. It is the verdict of the coroner's jury that he was murdered by Miller and Ned Alfred, two yellow boys, aged respectively about 23 or 24 and 21, brothers, who were raised by the doctor. Miller had been in the regular army several years. Came to Dr. A.'s last summer after a prolonged absence. Ned has always lived in the neighborhood. They were in the employ of Dr. Alfred, and were the only members of the family except his wife and three little girls. They slept in the front room of the doctor's house, on the right of the hall between the two front rooms. The doctor, wife and children occupied an L room back of the front room on left of hall. He had settled with Miller Tuesday afternoon, and he (Miller) had declared his intention to leave last night or early this morning. Ned had not intimated an intention to leave. The doctor went to the room after his wife, who slept very soundly, had retired, and she knew nothing of the murder till about five o'clock this morning, when she awoke, missed the doctor, and discovered the pool of blood in the hall. The two negroes, two of the doctor's horses and all the money he carried on his person, were missing. It was the doctor's custom to carry all his money, except change, in a pocket in his drawers. A nickel was all the money found on the body. The drawers of the furniture in the front room, across the hall from the room occupied by the negroes, had been searched. They had not entered the doctor's store, probably because the key fell from a pocket as they dragged off the body. A key, spectacles and pocket-knife were picked up between the porch and where the body lay. Their old master was known to be greatly attached to the negroes, and had assured Miller, after the declaration of his intention to leave, that if he got into trouble he had only to notify him to insure assistance. They left by the Salvin road.—*Kentucky Daily*.

**The Last of the Modocs.**  
Captain Jack of the "red Modocs," has finally surrendered to the overwhelming numbers of the United States forces. Had his followers remained true to him, sharing his privations and dangers with that stoicism that has so long characterized their chieftain, he might have proven an annoyance to the army many months, if not years, hence. But dispirited by starvation and gradually diminishing numbers, most of his warriors deserted him in the hour of his greatest need, which only goes to show that savages are no less exempt from this principle of human weakness than these white brethren. When the Captain surrendered, he was found sitting on a log by himself, with his head bowed and resting between his hands, showing by his attitude the deep humiliation he felt in the consciousness of his own impotence. Now that the Modoc was over, we may look out for Beadle's and Munro's dime novels, narrating his "battles and hairbreadth escapes," all of which can be found either at Bill Anderson's or E. Chenault's drug store—price two nickels or a ten cent shin-plaster. Captain Jack deserves a better fate than to be handled by such men as Beadle, Munro, Cheasell and Anderson.

This route has been surveyed by engineers of the War Department, and pronounced practicable. The advantages of the Canal are briefly summed up as follows:

First. Cheap transportation. Official reports show that the cost of transporting

a ton of corn by rail, from St. Louis to Savannah is \$14.40; by this route it would be \$4.88, making an aggregate annual saving of \$14,000,000 to be divided between the producer and consumer.

Second. The route could be open the entire year, never rendered impracticable by ice in winter, nor drought in summer.

Third. It would greatly increase the coasting trade.

Fourth. It passes through immense forests of yellow pine.

Fifth. It opens all the Southern States east of the Mississippi river as a market for the hay, grain and bacon of the West.

Sixth. It will furnish cheap transportation for raw cotton produced in the South, to be exchanged for other commodities produced in the North and West.

**THE MURDER OF DOCTOR ALFRED.**

Particulars of the Terrible Tragedy in Washington County.

Our extremely quiet and law-abiding community was horrified this morning by information of the murder of Dr. G. C. Alfred, in his residence about 8 miles below Danville in Washington county. We visited the scene, and the sickening spectacle was enough to convulse with horror a most hardened criminal. A pool of blood on the floor of the hall, between the two front rooms, near the rear door, indicated the spot where the unsuspecting victim was first struck. The body had been dragged through the hall, over a porch which extends the entire front of the house, down the steps, across the yard, through a gate into the orchard, and left lying on the face, leaving a bloody trail the entire distance, near forty yards.

A few feet from the front of the steps was a pool of blood, and four or five paces further, near the gate, was another, indicating where the fiends had rested in their hellish labor of dragging off the body. An ax, with the imprint of their bloody hands, sat against a gate-post in the yard, blood and hair on the pole, was evidently the instrument with which the murderer was committed. There were three wounds on the head, each fracturing the bone. The three pools of blood mark the spots at which the blows were struck, the last being next the gate; and the ax set against the post instead of being cast aside, exhibiting the natural method of a workman.

Except hat and one slipper, the body was in full dress. The slipper had dropped from the right foot just inside the orchard, and the position of the body showed it had been dragged by the left leg.

Dr. Alfred is supposed to have had between four and five hundred dollars on his person. It is the verdict of the coroner's jury that he was murdered by Miller and Ned Alfred, two yellow boys, aged respectively about 23 or 24 and 21, brothers, who were raised by the doctor. Miller had been in the regular army several years. Came to Dr. A.'s last summer after a prolonged absence. Ned has always lived in the neighborhood. They were in the employ of Dr. Alfred, and were the only members of the family except his wife and three little girls. They slept in the front room of the doctor's house, on the right of the hall between the two front rooms. The doctor, wife and children occupied an L room back of the front room on left of hall. He had settled with Miller Tuesday afternoon, and he (Miller) had declared his intention to leave last night or early this morning. Ned had not intimated an intention to leave. The doctor went to the room after his wife, who slept very soundly, had retired, and she knew nothing of the murder till about five o'clock this morning, when she awoke, missed the doctor, and discovered the pool of blood in the hall. The two negroes, two of the doctor's horses and all the money he carried on his person, were missing. It was the doctor's custom to carry all his money, except change, in a pocket in his drawers. A nickel was all the money found on the body. The drawers of the furniture in the front room, across the hall from the room occupied by the negroes, had been searched. They had not entered the doctor's store, probably because the key fell from a pocket as they dragged off the body. A key, spectacles and pocket-knife were picked up between the porch and where the body lay. Their old master was known to be greatly attached to the negroes, and had assured Miller, after the declaration of his intention to leave, that if he got into trouble he had only to notify him to insure assistance. They left by the Salvin road.—*Kentucky Daily*.

**DRESS GOODS.**  
Bloused and Broads Patterns, all widths and qualities. Table Linens, Towels, Napkins, Marcelline Quilts, Handkerchiefs, Lace, Embroidery, Hosiery, &c.

**Domestic and White Goods.**  
Bloused and Broads Patterns, all widths and qualities. Table Linens, Towels, Napkins, Marcelline Quilts, Handkerchiefs, Lace, Embroidery, Hosiery, &c.

**CLOTHING.**  
Of the most fashionable, for all the seasons, to suit men and boys, by the single garment or in full sets.

**Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps.**  
For Men and Boys, Women and Children. A large and complete stock of

**Queensware and Hardware.**  
A splendid assortment of Table and Pocket Cutlery, and Farming Implements, China Tea Sets, Ironware &c. and any article desired in this line.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**

Iodine will find my stock of Mourning Goods, Crepe, Collars, Velv. Silk Ties, Fiches and Lace Garments in full

order, particularly to stock of

**DRY GOODS.**

Japanese Silk, Japanese Pattern, Linens, White and Colored Patterns, &c. unusually attractive, Rich and Colorful Almond, all new and popular.

**Domestic and White Goods.**

Bloused and Broads Patterns, all widths and qualities. Table Linens, Towels, Napkins, Marcelline Quilts, Handkerchiefs, Lace, Embroidery, Hosiery, &c.

**CLOTHING.**

Of the most fashionable, for all the seasons, to suit men and boys, by the single garment or in full sets.

**Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps.**

For Men and Boys, Women and Children. A large and complete stock of

**Queensware and Hardware.**

A splendid assortment of Table and Pocket Cutlery, and Farming Implements, China Tea Sets, Ironware &c. and any article desired in this line.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**

Iodine will find my stock of Mourning Goods, Crepe, Collars, Velv. Silk Ties, Fiches and Lace Garments in full

order, particularly to stock of

**DRY GOODS.**

Japanese Silk, Japanese Pattern, Linens, White and Colored Patterns, &c. unusually attractive, Rich and Colorful Almond, all new and popular.

**Domestic and White Goods.**

Bloused and Broads Patterns, all widths and qualities. Table Linens, Towels, Napkins, Marcelline Quilts, Handkerchiefs, Lace, Embroidery, Hosiery, &c.

**CLOTHING.**

Of the most fashionable, for all the seasons, to suit men and boys, by the single garment or in full sets.

**Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps.**

For Men and Boys, Women and Children. A large and complete stock of

**Queensware and Hardware.**

A splendid assortment of Table and Pocket Cutlery, and Farming Implements, China Tea Sets, Ironware &c. and any article desired in this line.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**

Iodine will find my stock of Mourning Goods, Crepe, Collars, Velv. Silk Ties, Fiches and Lace Garments in full

order, particularly to stock of

**DRY GOODS.**

Japanese Silk, Japanese Pattern, Linens, White and Colored Patterns, &c. unusually attractive, Rich and Colorful Almond, all new and popular.

**Domestic and White Goods.**

Bloused and Broads Patterns, all widths and qualities. Table Linens, Towels, Napkins, Marcelline Quilts, Handkerchiefs, Lace, Embroidery, Hosiery, &c.

**CLOTHING.**

Of the most fashionable, for all the seasons, to suit men and boys, by the single garment or in full sets.

**Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps.**

For Men and Boys, Women and Children. A large and complete stock of

**Queensware and Hardware.**

A splendid assortment of Table and Pocket Cutlery, and Farming Implements, China Tea Sets, Ironware &c. and any article desired in this line.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**

Iodine will find my stock of Mourning Goods, Crepe, Collars, Velv. Silk Ties, Fiches and Lace Garments in full

order, particularly to stock of

**DRY GOODS.**

Japanese Silk, Japanese Pattern, Linens, White and Colored Patterns, &c. unusually attractive, Rich and Colorful Almond, all new and popular.

**Domestic and White Goods.**

Bloused and Broads Patterns, all widths and qualities. Table Linens, Towels, Napkins, Marcelline Quilts, Handkerchiefs, Lace, Embroidery, Hosiery, &c.

**CLOTHING.**

Of the most fashionable, for all the seasons, to suit men and boys, by the single garment or in full sets.

**Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps.**

For Men and Boys, Women and Children. A large and complete stock of

**Queensware and Hardware.**

A splendid assortment of Table and Pocket Cutlery, and Farming Implements, China Tea Sets, Ironware &c. and any article desired in this line.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**

Iodine will find my stock of Mourning Goods, Crepe, Collars, Velv. Silk Ties, Fiches and Lace Garments in full

order, particularly to stock of

**DRY GOODS.**

Japanese Silk, Japanese Pattern, Linens, White and Colored Patterns, &c. unusually attractive, Rich and

# THE INTERIOR JOURNAL

FRIDAY, JUNE 1, 1873.

## LOCAL BREVIETIES.

Pie Nics are growing popular. Lancaster has a Julepen Society. Blue grass seed is ripening rapidly. What about Strawberry Festival? Court day in Stanford next Monday. Who's out a red cow? See stray notice.

A Brewer speaks of establishing a first class brewery here.

It is astonishing how dull a picnic is to a prospective bridegroom.

The warm weather makes a fellow feel like wearing his hair à la Modo.

Mr. James D. Bustin is our agent and Special Correspondent in Highland precinct.

Mr. Sam. F. Campbell is our agent and Special Correspondent in Turnerville tonight.

A subscriber wants a large ear of Lincoln corn to exhibit in his friends in New York. Please send us a fine specimen.

Spring chickens and strawberries are luxuriantly growing now upon the tables of those of our citizens who have plentiful orchards.

The H. T. Harris merchant at Shely city, whose advertisement appears in these columns, is not the Mr. H. of the same name who lives in our town.

We acknowledge the receipt of complimentary tickets to the Musical Concert given by Miss Julia Cable's class, in Richmond, this evening. (Friday).

A gentleman of an adjoining town has visited Stanford several times recently, ostensibly for the purpose of establishing a branch library and museum.

Mr. Jas. S. Bruce showed us a yellow cherry, which resembles in size and color a plum when about half ripe. He calls it the Governor Woodson.

Will our correspondents, "M. B. C." Colorado; "Jay Hawker," Kansas, and "H. C. R." California, please step this way with their rail-road communications?

Now the sound of the saw, ax, hammer, falling debris, and the earnest command of a little master resounds through our streets from morn till night.

Cradock has at last found a monstrosity that to publish would injure the reputation of his paper as a "great moral family Journal." Now let me tell you.

Our efficient foreman, Mr. J. K. Sewell, is absent this week visiting his mother and sister in Somerton. The old lady should be proud of her boy and kill the fatted calf.

The National Banks were called upon this evening to show their hands above the table. They respond promptly, and make, as usual, a very good showing in another column.

In business life if one gentleman addresses a civil request or salutes another on the street, the man addressed is expected to return the civility—otherwise he is a vulgar bear.

There were 845 arrivals at the Commercial Hotel from January 1st to June 1st; 243 arrivals during the month of May, of the latter number were commercial travelers.

The stench from a certain pig-pen which can be seen from our window, smacks of cholera in its most devastating form. As Woods says, "that pen is mightier than the sword."

Mrs. Hiram Roberts has consented to keep our readers posted as to passing events in Crab Orchard and the East End, and will reward the names of those who desire our journal.

We learn from a letter from Lieut. John Scott, that the company of U. S. Infantry which was stationed at Crab Orchard last summer, is now at Fort Bridger, Wyoming Territory.

"An exchange says, "the best cure for Spring Fever," is to become dead drunk, without friends or credit, with a family to provide for and no grub in the house." The remedy only augments the disease in this locality.

About the only fashionable and really elegant sign in town is the one over E. H. Cheval's drug store. It was painted by Prof. W. P. Price, Jr., who is an amateur painter, but no novice in the use of the pen or crayon.

Mrs. Tico W. Bobbitt gave bond on Monday last and entered upon his duties as Constable of this precinct. The Attorneys instructed him to call into court John R. Hobbit. The job proved a success. Hobbit "wanted to go home."

The news reached here last Tuesday, that Harry Pittman, Esq., a young man of great personal popularity in the district, announced himself a candidate for Senator of the Eighteenth District, in a speech at Hintonville, on Monday night last. Ah! Cardinal!

Some people take extravagant delight in being uncivil and boorish in their manners, especially to those who are dependent upon them, or are recipients of a favor at their hands. If you know such an individual, it isn't safe to read this in his presence.

The harmonious twang of raw hide, and melodious scraping of cat-gut and horsehair, accompanied with the sonorous tolling of a discordant bass, provides in the hands of unskilled performers, changed the spirit of many a fair maiden's dream a few nights ago.

The agay is over. The Omaha Lottery, that chief of American swindles, had its drawing on the 29th ultimo. Four hundred tickets were in the hands of citizens of this part of Lincoln county, and not a single lucky number was announced. "Lordy! how they bawl."

Mrs. Socia and Nannie Mitchell sent us the first strawberries of the season.

Our wandering associate has long had a decided penchant for Southern Kentucky, and often hangs up at Glasgow, the home of John A. Woods and the birth-place of the sprightly Peter Ky. Kentucky, the Glasgow Times, whom he perched the following:

"While we were in Glasgow, last week, we had the pleasure of attending a strawberry festival, given by the ladies and friends of the Presbyterian church at Murfitt's Hall. We have been an attendant at many festivals of this character, prepared in the most fastidious, attractive and entertaining manner imaginable, so much so, that we are ready to confess that we have never witnessed anything of the kind which combined more perfectly all the requisites essential to make the occasion pleasant. The tables were beautifully arranged, cedar festooned and decorated with beautiful flowers and bouquets, then laden with such delicate and appetizing viands as strawberries, ice-cream, cakes, etc. Added to this was the music for the occasion, which was of superior selection and execution in performance. Things less attractive, delicious and tantalizing, would pass unnoticed, as the visitor would forget the pleasure of them all for the more exquisite pleasure of feasting the eye on the beautiful and happy faces and beaming eyes around him." Every body seemed to enjoy themselves to their heart's content, and the whole affair was a grand success.

JOHN F. TARRANT, PRINCIPAL.

N. B. The Second Academic year of this institution will begin in the elegant new building on the 15th of September next, in charge of Professors and Mrs. Tarrant, as principals.

JOHN F. TARRANT, PRINCIPAL.

Examinations beginning Friday, June 6th, and closing Thursday, June 12, open also to parents and such persons as may be lawfully admitted.

The closing exercises of a Literary and Musical character will take place Friday, June 13th, at 8 A. M. and 8 P. M., to which all persons interested in educational matters are invited.

JOHN F. TARRANT, PRINCIPAL.

Crab Orchard Springs College For Young Ladies.

Examinations beginning Friday, June 6th,

and closing Thursday, June 12, open also to parents and such persons as may be lawfully ad-

mitted.

The Jailer of Harrison county, brought before his Honor, Judge Sauffer, on yesterday, a young man named James Lair, of Mercer county, on the charge of burglary. He was remanded to jail to await a preliminary trial. He is accused of breaking open the residence of Mr. Jas. S. Bruce, in this county, and appropriating some silver coin.

The Lincoln Quarterly Court was in session on Monday and Tuesday last. An unusually large amount of business was before the Court.

Several exciting jury cases occupied a good portion of the first day. The well-known-a sewing machine controversy between Mr. J. D. Dennis and some sewing machine agent, who has resulted in hospitals in hung juries, was decided in favor of Mr. Dennis.

NEXT Monday is court day. Don't fail to call and look at the new goods at Jno. G. McAllister's.

The contract for the printing of catalogues and advertising for the LINCOLN County Stock Association, was awarded by the Committee on printing, Hon. G. A. Lackey, Jas. M. Reid, Esq., and F. H. McKinney, to one competitor the Danville Advocate. Further deposit with nothing, at this writing.

A lot of small worms are working in the branches of the water maple along our side walks, and playing havoc with them. An experienced horticulturist recommends whale oil sprinkled over the trees a few times. It will destroy the worms and cannot injure the trees. Try it.

The warm days of summer and low cloudy skies have come at last. While the earth is covered with rare verdure and robed in garments more brilliant than the fairest fabrics fashioned by skillful hands; the grass waving, the leaves rustling, waters rippling, and flowers freighting the air with their fragrance, there are a few slovenly fellows who have neglected to under a new summer suit from May.

A subscriber wants a large ear of Lincoln corn to exhibit in his friends in New York. Please send us a fine specimen.

Spring chickens and strawberries are luxuriantly growing now upon the tables of those of our citizens who have plentiful orchards.

The reports of cholera have not frightened our people into shuddering and whitewashing their premises. Our streets are very dirty, and when the sun lights upon them foul steams whose pungent, pestiferous composition the world has talked of since hygiene became a science, are sent up in volumes. If something isn't done—at least to prevent people from throwing garbage into our streets and alleys—the death rate will be enormous this summer.

With the warm weather of the past week mad dogs have made their appearance in different sections of the country. Mr. A. M. Feeland of the Mt. Xenia neighborhood informed us as on Saturday last, that he had expected from the peculiar actions of two dogs on his place, that they were rabid, and caused them to be slain.

Persons who are afraid to go outside at a certain time and the publisher enquires toward the time to be paid for it from the publisher, will be paid for it from the publisher.

In the course of time that relatives have newspaper subscriptions from the publisher, or are moving and leaving them uncollected for, is prime evidence of intestinal fraud.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We wish all the special attention of postmen and subscribers to the following extracts of the news paper lists:

1. A postman is required to go after notices by letter (returning a paper does not answer the end) when he is not able to do so, and to stand the reason for it not being taken; and a report to the postmaster concerning the same.

2. Any person who takes a paper from the postoffice, whether it is delivered or not, is responsible for the price, and if a person orders his paper direct, he must pay for it.

3. Any person who takes a paper from the postoffice, whether it is delivered or not, is responsible for the price, and if a person orders his paper direct, he must pay for it.

4. Any person who takes a paper from the postoffice, whether it is delivered or not, is responsible for the price, and if a person orders his paper direct, he must pay for it.

5. Any person who takes a paper from the postoffice, whether it is delivered or not, is responsible for the price, and if a person orders his paper direct, he must pay for it.

6. Any person who takes a paper from the postoffice, whether it is delivered or not, is responsible for the price, and if a person orders his paper direct, he must pay for it.

7. Any person who takes a paper from the postoffice, whether it is delivered or not, is responsible for the price, and if a person orders his paper direct, he must pay for it.

8. Any person who takes a paper from the postoffice, whether it is delivered or not, is responsible for the price, and if a person orders his paper direct, he must pay for it.

9. Any person who takes a paper from the postoffice, whether it is delivered or not, is responsible for the price, and if a person orders his paper direct, he must pay for it.

10. Any person who takes a paper from the postoffice, whether it is delivered or not, is responsible for the price, and if a person orders his paper direct, he must pay for it.

11. Any person who takes a paper from the postoffice, whether it is delivered or not, is responsible for the price, and if a person orders his paper direct, he must pay for it.

12. Any person who takes a paper from the postoffice, whether it is delivered or not, is responsible for the price, and if a person orders his paper direct, he must pay for it.

13. Any person who takes a paper from the postoffice, whether it is delivered or not, is responsible for the price, and if a person orders his paper direct, he must pay for it.

14. Any person who takes a paper from the postoffice, whether it is delivered or not, is responsible for the price, and if a person orders his paper direct, he must pay for it.

15. Any person who takes a paper from the postoffice, whether it is delivered or not, is responsible for the price, and if a person orders his paper direct, he must pay for it.

16. Any person who takes a paper from the postoffice, whether it is delivered or not, is responsible for the price, and if a person orders his paper direct, he must pay for it.

17. Any person who takes a paper from the postoffice, whether it is delivered or not, is responsible for the price, and if a person orders his paper direct, he must pay for it.

18. Any person who takes a paper from the postoffice, whether it is delivered or not, is responsible for the price, and if a person orders his paper direct, he must pay for it.

19. Any person who takes a paper from the postoffice, whether it is delivered or not, is responsible for the price, and if a person orders his paper direct, he must pay for it.

20. Any person who takes a paper from the postoffice, whether it is delivered or not, is responsible for the price, and if a person orders his paper direct, he must pay for it.

21. Any person who takes a paper from the postoffice, whether it is delivered or not, is responsible for the price, and if a person orders his paper direct, he must pay for it.

22. Any person who takes a paper from the postoffice, whether it is delivered or not, is responsible for the price, and if a person orders his paper direct, he must pay for it.

23. Any person who takes a paper from the postoffice, whether it is delivered or not, is responsible for the price, and if a person orders his paper direct, he must pay for it.

24. Any person who takes a paper from the postoffice, whether it is delivered or not, is responsible for the price, and if a person orders his paper direct, he must pay for it.

25. Any person who takes a paper from the postoffice, whether it is delivered or not, is responsible for the price, and if a person orders his paper direct, he must pay for it.

26. Any person who takes a paper from the postoffice, whether it is delivered or not, is responsible for the price, and if a person orders his paper direct, he must pay for it.

27. Any person who takes a paper from the postoffice, whether it is delivered or not, is responsible for the price, and if a person orders his paper direct, he must pay for it.

28. Any person who takes a paper from the postoffice, whether it is delivered or not, is responsible for the price, and if a person orders his paper direct, he must pay for it.

29. Any person who takes a paper from the postoffice, whether it is delivered or not, is responsible for the price, and if a person orders his paper direct, he must pay for it.

30. Any person who takes a paper from the postoffice, whether it is delivered or not, is responsible for the price, and if a person orders his paper direct, he must pay for it.

31. Any person who takes a paper from the postoffice, whether it is delivered or not, is responsible for the price, and if a person orders his paper direct, he must pay for it.

Average 28.74 .69.02 4.43 \*

Highest Barometer, 29.02 in. 31st.

Lowest Barometer, 28.38 in.—2nd.

Highest Temperature, 90°—23rd.

Lowest Temperature, 53°—4th.

One Hall, 9th.

Barometer corrected for Temperature.

JOHN F. TARRANT, "Smithsonian" Observer.

Crab Orchard Springs College For Young Ladies.

Examinations beginning Friday, June 6th,

and closing Thursday, June 12, open also to

parents and such persons as may be lawfully ad-

mitted.

The Jailer of Harrison county, brought before

his Honor, Judge Sauffer, on yesterday,

a young man named James Lair, of Mercer

county, on the charge of burglary.

He was remanded to jail to await a preliminary trial.

He is accused of breaking open the residence

of Mr. Jas. S. Bruce, in this county, and ap-

propriating some silver coin.

The Lincoln Quarterly Court was in session

on Monday and Tuesday last. An unusually

large amount of business was before the Court.

Several exciting jury cases occupied a good

portion of the first day. The well-known-a

sewing machine controversy between Mr. J. D. Dennis and some sewing machine agent,

who has resulted in hospitals in hung juries,

SOUTHERN RAILROAD.

In conversation with a gentleman on this subject, a few days ago, he expressed the opinion that the proper thing for the trustees of the Southern road to do is to commence the road at Nicholaville and build South. This, at first glance, would seem to be the natural plan. By making advantageous running arrangements with the Lexington and Covington road, Cincinnati, with her ten million appropriation, would be able to establish a Southern connection, where, if the whole length of the road is to be built by means from Cincinnati, there seems to be growing up a doubt whether she will enter on the job at all. It is apparent that ten millions will not build the whole road, and Cincinnati now seems to be hesitating whether to enter on the expenditure of this ten millions with a certainty that a second ten millions will have to be raised, and a probability that even a third appropriation will have to be made before the road is built and rolling stock placed on it.

With this unpromising condition of affairs the plan to commence at Nicholaville and build South recommends itself at once, but unfortunately, there is an insurmountable objection to the plan. It is expressly provided in the ten million appropriation that one end of the road shall be stuck in Cincinnati. This clause, then, in Cincinnati's ten million subscription gives a short stop, as we understand it, to any and all plans for the road, except to commence building at Cincinnati or to buy out and out a road which has its Northern terminus in that city.

The Cincinnati papers are at present much exercised over this matter. They want the road, and feel that they are compelled to have it, if they are in the future to keep up any show of rivalry with Louisville, or are to put in a bid at all for the Southern trade. But they are slow to recommend the commencement of the work, and it is with exceeding reluctance they will begin a job when they cannot see their way clear out of it. The Commercial thus spreads a wet blanket over the whole enterprise:

There are persons who are anxious to see the bonds for ten million issued. The spending of that sum of money has its attractions. But the main question, as we understand it, is whether we shall proceed to assume that amount of debt, and spend the money without a contract that will assure us the road without further expenditure? We had hoped that there are great railroad corporations taking time by the forelock in competition for the building and running of our road. It is possible that among railroad men there is a serious degree of distrust of the Cincinnati Southern railway as a paying investment? If we propose to rush in and spend ten millions of dollars—how shall we do it? Shall we begin by occupying the East End pig pens for depot grounds, or shall we go West and build ourselves a great depot, and a new railroad bridge across the Ohio, and a new railroad to Paris or Lexington? By this process we could dispose of our ten millions before crossing Kentucky, and have no better Southern railroad connection than we have got to-day. Then we want another ten millions, and perhaps still another ten millions.

What can we do with the Kentucky Central? Clearly nothing for some time. The litigation is not over. There are a swarm of eminent lawyers nibbling at that chess. It is related that we can build a road to Lexington twenty miles shorter than we can purchase that road for. Shall we do it? Does the Southern business demand that there shall be competing roads to Lexington? We are unable under the Ferguson law to get into partnership with the existing road.

Thus that paper goes on, issue after issue, to show up all of the difficulties in the way of building the road, and recommends that plenty of time and long deliberation are the necessary things; this, after four years have been frittered away since the people of Cincinnati voted to raise the money for its construction. We do not know that we have any particular reason to complain, as we have never subscribed to the enterprise, and seem unwilling to so much as grant a right of way to it, but the whole mountainous project of the Cincinnati Southern railroad, after being in labor four years, looks like it was bring forth a very small-sized mouse.—*Lexington Gazette*.

**What's the Matter With That Nose?**

Snyder kept a beer saloon years ago over mid tier grindstone factory on Keeninger. Snyder was a ponderous Teuton of very irascible temper—aukward and quick in quarrels—getting mad in a minute. Nevertheless his saloon was a great resort for boys, partly because of the excellency of his beer, and partly because the boys liked to chase old Snyder—they called him; for although his bark was terrific, experience had taught them that he wouldn't bite.

One day Snyder was missing, and it was explained by his "frau," who "jerked" the beer that day, that he had gone out fishing mid tier boys.

The next day one of the boys, who was particularly fond of roasting old Snyder, dropped in to get a glass of beer, and discovered Snyder's nose—which was a big one at any time—swollen and blistered by the sun, until it looked like a dead ripe tomato.

"Why, Snyder, what's the matter with your nose?" said the elder.

"I went out fishing mid tier boys," replied Snyder, laying his finger tenderly against his proboscis. "I am sun it goes hot like ter tiff, until I burn my nose. Nico now, don't it?"

And Snyder viewed it with a look of royal sadness in the little mirror back of the bar.

It entered at once into the mischievous fellow in front of the bar to play a trick upon Snyder. He went out and called

all his cronies, with whom he arranged that they should drop into the saloon one after another and ask Snyder "what's in the matter with that nose?" to see how long he would stand it. The man who put up the job went in with a companion, and seating themselves at a table, called for beer. Snyder brought it to them, and the new comer exclaimed as soon as he saw him: "Why, Snyder, what's the matter with that nose?"

"I must tell you, friend, I peen out fishing mit der boys, de sun, de sun, de sun—awl—large—den cents, all right."

Another of the boys came rushing in exclaiming:

"Haloo, boys, you're ahead of me this time. Spoo I'm in, though! Here, Snyder, bring me a glass of beer and a pret—the appeared to catch a sudden glimpse of Snyder's nose, looked wonderingly a moment, and then burst out a laughing.)

"Ha, ha! Why, Snyder, what—ha, ha! what's the matter with that nose?"

Snyder, of course, can't see any fun in having a burnt nose, or having it langched at, and he says in a tone sternly emphatic:

"I've peen out fishing mit der boys, unt de sun is just as hot like as ter tiff, unt I burn my nose, dat ish all right."

Another torment comes in and insists on "setting them up" for the whole house—"Snyder," says he, "fill up the boy's glasses and take a drink yourself; ha, ha, ha, ha! Snyder, wha—ha, ha! What's the matter with that nose?"

Snyder's brow darkened with wrath by this time, and his voice grew deeper and sterner:

"I've peen out fishing mit der boys, on der Snookill. The sun is hot like as ha! ha! I burn my bugle. Now, dat is more vat I don't got to say to you vot godd pesene? Dat ish all right; I burn my own nose, don't it?"

"Burn your own nose—burn all the hair off your head for what I care, you nedn't get mad about it."

It was evident Snyder wouldn't stand more than one mere tweak at that nose, for he was tramping around behind the bar, and growling like an exasperated old bear in a cage.

Another of his tormentors walks in. Some one sings out to him, "have n glass of beer, Billy?"

"Don't care about any beer," says Billy, "but you may give me one of your best cigars—ha, ha, ha, ho, ho, ho, he, he, he! Ah-h-h-h, ha, ha, ha, ha!" Why—why—Snyder—who—wha-ha! What's the matter with that nose?"

Snyder was absolutely fearful to be held by this time. His face was purple with rage, all except his nose which glowed like a ball of fire. Leaning his ponderous figure over the bar, and raising his arm aloft to emphasize his words with it, he fairly roared:

"I've peen out fishing mit ter boys. The sun it pees hot like hell! I burn my nose. Now you no like dose nose unt wring you tam American fingers mit em! That's the kind of a man vot I am!"

**Worth Knowing.**

In the course of an inquest held in London many years ago, Mr. Wakely, the coroner, said that it would be well to acquaint the public with the fact, that if persons wished to escape from a house on fire have the presence of mind to apply a wet cloth or handkerchief to their mouth and nostrils, they can effect a passage through the densest smoke; but the safest way would be to envelope the head and face completely in a wet cloth.

Some one has said that "the noblest thing on earth is a man talking reason and his wife listening to him."

WHEN is the most dangerous time to visit the country? When the trees are shooting, and the bullrushes are.

A MICHIGAN preacher in Iowa knocked a Congressman down the other day for offering to give his back-pay to the Sunday-school. It was a striking sample of theology, but it suited the case exactly. It was a very happy hit, and makes a good "list" item, as the composition says.

An impression has been made in some quarters that the recent Legislature increased the pay of members from five to seven dollars per day. This is not so. No change was made, and the pay remains the same as heretofore.—*George Town Times*.

**What's the Matter With That Nose?**

Snyder kept a beer saloon years ago over mid tier grindstone factory on Keeninger. Snyder was a ponderous Teuton of very irascible temper—aukward and quick in quarrels—getting mad in a minute. Nevertheless his saloon was a great resort for boys, partly because of the excellency of his beer, and partly because the boys liked to chase old Snyder—they called him;

for although his bark was terrific, experience had taught them that he wouldn't bite.

One day Snyder was missing, and it was explained by his "frau," who "jerked" the beer that day, that he had gone out fishing mid tier boys.

The next day one of the boys, who was particularly fond of roasting old Snyder, dropped in to get a glass of beer, and discovered Snyder's nose—which was a big one at any time—swollen and blistered by the sun, until it looked like a dead ripe tomato.

"Why, Snyder, what's the matter with your nose?" said the elder.

"I went out fishing mid tier boys," replied Snyder, laying his finger tenderly against his proboscis. "I am sun it goes hot like ter tiff, until I burn my nose. Nico now, don't it?"

And Snyder viewed it with a look of royal sadness in the little mirror back of the bar.

It entered at once into the mischievous fellow in front of the bar to play a trick upon Snyder. He went out and called

STANFORD  
CARRIAGE  
FACTORY,  
WEST END  
MAIN STREET,  
STANFORD,  
KENTUCKY.

HAVINO rented the Carriage Shop formerly occupied by Dennis & Clark, and am prepared to build to order, and will keep constantly in hand every variety of VEHICLE in the CARRIAGE LINE and will sell them as LOW as the same can be bought elsewhere.

Particular attention paid to the REPAIRING and REFITTING of all kinds of vehicles.

Having secured the services of Mr. J. W. COOK, a No. 1 painter, I am determined to do good work in all the departments.

Mr. J. B. DENNIS will remain with me for the present, where he would be glad to see his old friends and patrons.

[61-62] D. F. BASH.

G. H. ENSEL,  
SOMERSET, KY.,  
DEALER IN

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods;  
JEWELRY,  
The Greatest Variety of Notions,  
Ribbons, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Queensware, Tinware,  
GLASSWARE and HARDWARE.

A Choice Lot of

TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY.

And in fact every article generally found in first-class Country Stores including

Family Groceries,

Of the best brands and qualities, which he proposes to sell at the LOWEST CASH PRICES. Having extraordinary facilities and advantages over many other merchants in obtaining Goods at LOW PRICES, and continually receiving for the purpose of keeping up his general stock, he is enabled to sell for less than any other house, and to pay the HIGHEST PRICES for produce, which he will cheerfully do, feeling the greatest interest in encouraging and protecting the farmers and their wives and daughters in home manufacture.

He will at all times of the year exchange Goods for the following articles:

FEATHERS,	BEEES-WAX,	TALLOW,	LAID,
COTTON,	FLAX-SEED,	BEANS,	LAID,
WOOL,	BACON,	LAID,	LAID,
WOOLEN SOCKS,	JEANS,	LAID,	LAID,
FLAX LINEN,	TOW LINEN,	MEAL,	Etc. Etc.
DRIED FRUIT,	FLOUR,		

Returning many thanks for past favors, I solicit a continuation of your patronage.

[61-62] G. H. ENSEL.

NEW FIRM Pisgah Seminary.

A. G. PENDLETON. W. H. HOCKER.  
PENDLETON & HOCKER,  
South Side Main Street,  
DEADERICKSBURG,  
GROCERIES,  
Hardware,  
Produce,  
Roots, Shoes,  
NOTIONS,  
Confectionaries,  
TIN-WARE,  
Hollow-ware,  
STOES, IRON, HORSE SHOES,  
STEEL, NAILS, Bolts, etc.

HAWKINS recently formed a partnership with the above to keep a full line of staple goods and notions at a lower price.

At 10 a.m. to-morrow the school will open.

For a full account of the school, address JOHN C. HILL, Principal.

First Monday in March, 1873,

and every month thereafter.

By arrangement among the proprietors, the school will be open to the public on the first Saturday of each month, and on the first Saturday of each month thereafter.

For a full account of the school, address JOHN C. HILL, Principal.

1873. 1873.

SPRING STYLES

IN  
Gentlemen's Clothing.

SAM. N. MATHENY

He just received an elegant stock of

Cloths,  
CASSIMERES,  
AND  
VESTINGS,

And  
GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING.

READY-MADE CLOTHING,  
Hats, Boots and Shoes,  
GROCERIES,  
Hardware, Queensware, Etc.

HUSTONVILLE, KY.

JNO. O. MCALISTER,  
DEALER IN

Foreign and Domestic

DRY GOODS,

Notions,  
Clothing,  
Boots,  
Shoes,  
Hats,  
Caps,

QUEENSWARE,

CARPETING, ETC.

Odd Fellow's Building, North Side Main Street,

STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

A Large Stock of

Gent's Furnishing  
GOODS.

W. H. PEPPER,  
Importers and Dealers in

Foreign and Domestic

HARDWARE,

Cutter, Guns and Knives,  
Steel, Nails, Bolts, etc.

61-62 Main Street bet. Sixth and Seventh,  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

SPRING, 1873.

HARVEY, GIRDLE & CO.,  
Importers and Dealers in

Foreign and Domestic

HARDWARE,

Cutter, Guns and Knives,  
Steel, Nails, Bolts, etc.

61-62 Main Street bet. Sixth and Seventh,  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

STANFORD WOOLEN MILL!

Highest Market Price Paid for Wool!

HAWKINS recently opened the above Mill, we are now prepared to manufacture wool for the following uses:

As the best material for hats, caps, shawls, etc., we respectfully solicit orders to be made.

We will also make a specialty of cotton.

As the best material for stockings, we respectfully solicit orders to be made.

As the best material for worsted, we respectfully solicit orders to be made.

As the best material for worsted, we respectfully solicit orders to be made.

As the best material for worsted, we respectfully solicit orders to be made.

As the best material for worsted, we respectfully solicit orders to be made.

As the best material for worsted, we respectfully solicit orders to be made.

As the best material for worsted, we respectfully solicit orders to be made.